

## KNOWWHATYOUBUY

You Can See Quality and Quantity in the Local Stores.

## PAYS TO TRADE AT HOME

The Purchaser Must Take Mail-Order House Goods on Faith—Keep the Money of the Community at Home.

When the consumer buys merchandise he is interested in three things—quality, quantity and price. When he goes into the store of his local merchant he sees the goods that he is to pay for displayed before him; he can determine whether the quality is first-class, and whether the quantity is all that is claimed. These two points settled, he should have a fair idea as to whether the price asked is a fair one or not.

But how is it when he attempts to buy of the big mail order houses of the cities? The only guide he has to the quality and quantity they are offering is what the catalogue says, and the catalogue is prepared with the one object in view of selling the goods.

When the consumer buys of his local merchant and finds the goods he has purchased were not as represented he can promptly take them back and receive his money. When he buys of the mail order house in the large cities he has practically no recourse but to take what he gets and look pleasant at the results.

It is cheap goods and short weight that is making mail order house profits. They can buy but little, if

almost the exceptional order that is conducted on the theory that it is possible to take an inferior job and foist it on a credulous people by means of a reduced price and the honest reputation established by the meritorious original which it shamelessly caricatures. These methods have been crowned with success solely by reason of the fact that mail order houses put more skill, energy and money into advertising than do the manufacturers to whom the American people are directly indebted for the best vehicles on the face of the earth.

"The mail order business is the quack doctor of commerce. It promises much and guarantees nothing. The directions are always on the inside, and you have to buy a non-returnable package before you can find out what they are."

A. G. Enderford, of Walter, Okla., writing to the Shawnee, Okla., Union Signal, says:

"The mail order houses are the worst offenders of the pure food law that we have to deal with. They are the people who use short weight tin cans and every year the American public is cheated out of thousands of dollars by this alone."

"I see where some mail order houses offer paint at about what good oil is worth. Now, does anyone think that a mail order house can buy good paint stuff cheaper than anyone else?"

"Now suppose you find out what crude petroleum, like what is pumped out of oil wells cost. Very cheap, is it not? That is the oil that is used and what about the paint stuff? How about Spanish whitening, with just enough white lead to stick it together?"

The question of prompt delivery is another question which mail order house patrons should consider. It is filled promptly. The reason for this

## TEST OF THE GIRL'S LOVE.

Her Sweetheart Wins, but Admits He Took a Long Chance.

"I couldn't feel sure," said he to his chum, "that she really cared for me, so I wrote myself this telegram: 'Will you go as accountant for tea firm in China at salary of \$50 per week? Start Thursday. Answer at once.' I signed the name of a fictitious firm and showed her the telegram as soon as I got to her house that night."

"What do you think about it?" she asked.

"I don't know what to think," said I.

"She mused a little while."

"Do you want to go?" she asked me.

"If it wasn't for you I'd want to go."

"Then she said in a faint voice: 'Do whatever you think best.'"

"I'd go if it wasn't for you," I replied.

"She sat still, looking at the fire. Then of a sudden she began to cry."

"Oh, don't go! don't go!" she wailed. "Don't go and leave me all alone. What would I do—what would I do without you?"

"So I told her I wouldn't go. It is a grand thing to have a girl to care for you so much as that. I know that this girl loves me truly."

"If I had been the girl," said the young man's listener, "I should have said, 'Accept the offer and we'll be married at once and start for China together.'"

The young man grinned. "By Jove, I hadn't thought of that," he admitted. "Wouldn't I have been in a fix, though, if she had said that?"

## SAW MISTAKE IN PICTURE.

Woman's Homely Art Criticism Based on Knowledge.

An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store. The picture was a remarkable painting, and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room.

The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. They all stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time and I know something that the painter—with all his knowin'—didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flying sparks won't catch."—Indianapolis News

## HARES ATTRACTED BY A BELL.

New Jersey Rabbits Decoyed by Hearing Unusual Sound.

P. J. Farrell and Jerome Sigler, whom everybody in Montclair, N. J., knows, have learned much recently about shooting rabbits, says an exchange. They went to Morris county to hunt rabbits and tramped around Pine brook for two hours without ever seeing a cottontail. Hungry, cold and tired, they sought John Johnson's farmhouse for lunch. When they bewailed their bad luck Johnson ridiculed them, saying:

"Why I can get a dozen rabbits out of that ten-acre meadow over there."

"Bet you a gallon of applejack you can't," exclaimed Farrell and Sigler together.

"Go you," said Johnson. He got a long rope, tied a cowbell in the middle of it, and called his hired man, Jim Belden. Johnson took one end of the rope, Belden the other, and while the cowbell jangled loudly they walked slowly across the meadow.

"Keep close behind the bell," Johnson told Farrell and Sigler.

As if unable to resist its sound, rabbits appeared out of the brush faster than ever magician drew them from a hat. The bunnies sat up and listened; never did snake fascinate them more. One would not move out of Belden's way; he kicked it aside.

Farrell and Sigler were so astonished they forgot to shoot at the first. Then they blazed away and got 13 out of the 18 rabbits that answered the call of the bell in those ten acres.

## DERELICTS OF THE OCEAN.

Abandoned Vessels Are a Constant Menace to Shipping.

Even if our merchant marine is languishing we still seem able to lead the world in derelicts. The great proportion of them are American vessels abandoned in American waters. Few are reported west of the sixtieth degree of longitude or south of the Bahamas, the Caribbean sea being very free from them. The reports to the hydrographic office last month allowed no fewer than seven of these menaces afloat off the coast. There was one off the New England coast, two off the coast of the Carolinas, one each off the Virginia and Florida coasts, and one still farther out at sea.

Lumber laden derelicts are the most troublesome. It takes them a long time to sink. One such reported in the early 50s drifted over 7,000 miles in 850 days. She was sighted 38 times during that period, showing that she was frequently putting herself in the way of charted ocean travel.

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Gertie—Oh, what fun! there's Dora Smart got a piece of "tear" hangings, and she doesn't know it. I shan't tell her!

## AU CONTRAIRE.



"Are you afraid I'll bust it, pop?" "Er—no; I'm afraid you won't!"—Topeka Journal.

## SHOEBLACK AND MOTORIST.



Shoeblick—Shine yer boots, rov error? Better have a shine! Shine yer all over for a tanner.—London Telegraph.

## EXPLAINED AT LAST.



She—Why do men go bald sooner than women, Major? Major—Oh, because they don't wear their hair so long, I suppose.

## THE FARMER'S IDEA.



The Country Parson—That is an uncommonly fine large hog, deacon. The Farmer—Yes, sir. Ah! If we wuz as fit to die as him, sir!—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

## ONE EFFECT OF GOOD WORKS.



"Great heavens, neighbor, what's happened? Burglars? Fire? Or what?" "Nope, m' wife's church is holding a rummage sale to get money to clothe the heathen."—Sioux City Journal.

## BESSIE, THE QUEEN.

We have always stood up for the Topeka girls, but are frank to admit that unless the Bedford (Pa.) Gazette is prejudiced they are a pretty poor lot when compared with Miss Bessie Mae Miller. In the course of a long writeup of Miss Miller's manifold virtues and accomplishments the Gazette says: "Miss Bessie Mae Miller is a queen among women for beauty, grace and elegance. She is a petite brunette, with large, expressive brown eyes that are brighter than any of the stars one may see from the summit of our highest mountains on the darkest night that ever gave them added glory. Her lips are like the rarest roses; her cheeks are warm and ruddy as the eastern sky when morning walketh through the open gates of dawn. When she smiles it is the sunshine smiling through the clouds. Her voice is a sweet stream flowing along the rocky ridges of a fair and goodly land; her laughter is the far-heard tinkle of well-tuned bells; her hands are the most beautiful I have ever seen mortised to human wrists; they are hands to be modeled—small, white and shapely hands—hands that the sculptor of the Venus Callipyge might have cut in marble and left the stone as an imperishable evidence that art could not rival nature; hands that Benvenuto Cellini would have copied on his canoes and given his work new beauty. And they were useful hands, as the reader will learn farther on. Miss Miller is a little below medium in height, slender, graceful and has an independent queenly poise of the head that is peculiarly attractive. Two and one-half years ago Miss Miller went from here to Annapolis, Md., where she accepted a position as saleslady in one of the largest mercantile establishments in that city. At the end of two weeks her sales were largely in excess of any other of the large number of clerks employed there and at the end of five weeks she was promoted to chief bookkeeper, which position she still retains. In the good old science of the kitchen laboratory Miss Miller is an artist. She can bake bread and potatoes, broil beefsteak and prepare dainty dishes that would make the chefs of Delmonico's turn green with envy. Miss Miller, in artistic needlework, is a genius in all that the word implies. She manufactures her gowns from her own designs, and they are 'dreams of beauty' woven in the loom of her own genius. I have seen her take a piece of some dainty fabric sixteen inches wide and fifty-eight inches long and evolve from it one of the most beautiful pieces of 'Mexican drawn work' that I have ever seen—it was truly a work of art."

## THE CONFESSION OF GASTON.

I never try to "square" myself with my critics. In the first place I don't care what the critics think, and in the second place I have a living to make and that takes most of my time.

Having been raised a Methodist it never seemed to me that the non-shouting Christians got much good out of their religion.

I have noticed that when a farmer does buy a book it is either a "horse" book or a "doctor" book.

Formerly all of the ice cream socials were given by the women of the church, but I notice that here of late a great many other people are infringing on their copyright.

I am often annoyed, but the only thing that really disgusts me is to pick up a newspaper and find that it has no sporting page.

I find that, next to a prize fight, a woman is more curious to see the display of glassware of the back bars of the saloon than anything else that is forbidden.

I have noticed that the fight never amounts to much when the contestants go to the trouble to take off their coats.

I think I could make a living for two, all right, but I know I could never stand the strain of constantly holding myself in readiness to fasten the buttons in the back of my wife's shirt waist.

I have noticed that a woman can often find a \$6 hat that is becoming to her if \$6 is the price of the most expensive hats kept in stock in the town.

I find that a man can easily establish a reputation for being "able" by pretending that he enjoys a game of chess.

I have noticed that when a woman is in doubt she wears blue.—Dodd Gaston.

Helen Oldfield, writing for one of the syndicates, says it is safe for a man to marry on \$15 a week. If Helen is game to try it we personally know a man who is unmarried and who gets about \$15.

It is all right for the college president to talk about clean athletics and there will be no objection to it unless they attempt to put their theories into practice.—Topeka Capital.

Necessity never made a good bargain. A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

## Littrell Bros.

Harness and Saddlery

Bits, Spurs, Quirts, Navajo Saddle Blankets, an assortment of Flynn Saddles always on hand ranging in price from \$35 to \$60.00. Also a new and up-to-date line of Hand-made and Silver mounted Bits and Spurs

Repairing Neatly Done

## Live Stock AND Real Estate

BOUGHT AND SOLD On Commission

Parties wishing to buy or sell either Live Stock or Real Estate, will do well to call on or list their property or stock with me

Proprietor of the Hartley Meat Market. Meats for sale by the quarter at all times

C. E. HARTLEY Springer, N. M.

## J. S. WILSON

General Blacksmithing, Waggon and Carriage Repairing Neatly Executed New Rigs Built to Order. Horseshoeing. Plow Work

Cimarron, - N. M.

## Leonard

AND

## Hayward

General Merchandise Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

First St E'town

## FRUIT TREES

Will have a car load of Fruit Trees from Star Nursery Co., Quincy, Ill. :: ::

The above will be on sale on and after March 1st. :: ::

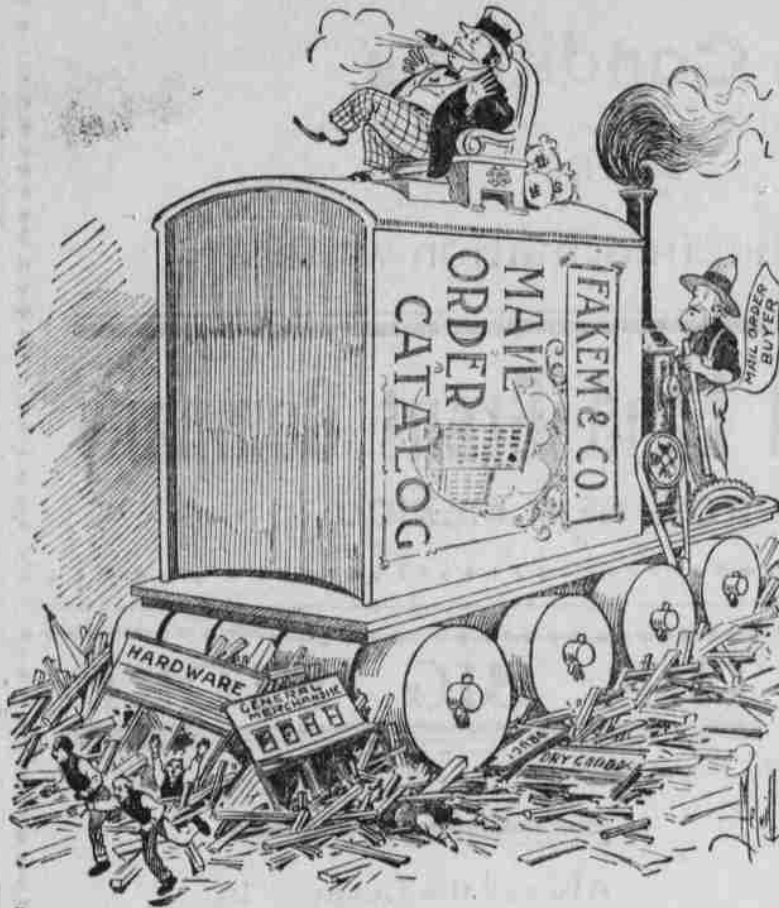
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RATON, NEW MEXICO



The mail-order juggernaut is crushing the lives out of hundreds and thousands of local merchants, and hundreds of towns and villages as well. When you send a dollar to the mail-order house you are but operating the lever that keeps this death-dealing machine on the move.

any, cheaper than your local merchant can. First-quality, standard merchandise is manufactured on a very narrow margin of profit, but the mail order house can win and pay big dividends on enormous capital if they can sell to the people an inferior quality and short weight quantity of merchandise at the prices they ask. Your local merchant could do the same thing, but you would not buy the same goods of your local merchant that you buy of the mail order house at a equal price.

Here is an item clipped from the Parma, Mich., News which shows the nefarious system of the mail order concerns, and how they victimize their patrons:

"A farmer purchased two sacks of binding twine of a large Chicago catalogue house, and upon its arrival this morning a ball was unrolled and measured with a ball of Plymouth twine sold by local dealers, when it was found that the Chicago article was just 206 feet short of that sold at home. There being ten balls in a sack, it will be seen that the farmer lost 6,120 feet, or over a mile of twine on two sacks by not buying at home. Then, too, the mail order house product was of an inferior quality, being full of knots, and one farmer standing near during the measuring process remarked that it would never work on a binder. Now we wish to ask you, does it pay to trade at home? If there is anyone who is skeptical of this story, just call and we will show you."—Parma, Mich., News.

Bankrupt stock, merchandise that reliable jobbers would not handle because of its poor quality, the refuse of the factories made over into cheap merchandise. These are the things the patrons of the mail order houses are buying. Here is an extract from an article that appeared in the Sioux Falls, S. D. Leader:

"The mail order house selling vehicles by the catalogue route, is more than a pirate, it is a turkey-buzzard. It takes the freaks and fallacies that have died for want of real merit, and tries to stifle legitimate business by selling the embalmed remains at a reduced price.

"The whole nefarious mail order system, in so far as it relates to vehicles,